

A SUBPENA from the
high Imperiall Court of Heaven,
to bee served vpon all men vpon
an Information preferred by
IUSTICE against
Man-kind.

With the Answer, and Reply from
MERCIE, and her directions how to
come to Heaven, if we maye
Sunt.

Shrinke not from this *Subpena*, which is sent
to thee it well, for sure thou must appeare
What thou hast been, and how thou dost offend,
each word & thought will be prescribed there,
Rightly that Iudge, will thy Records search call,
daily therefore prepare vnto thy tryall;
None is exempt, all must then prostrate fall
at *Deaths* command, no man can make default.
Now then prouide, on paine of thy damnation,
here to amend thy former euill wayes;
Oh sinner, learne to seeke for thy salvation,
if thou in Heaven wouldst haue eternall ioyes.

O life is deere as mine.

Imprinted at London by *L. White,*
1630.

A SURVEY from the

high Imperiall Court of Heaven,

to be forth upon all men: upon

and by the same

last of August

Year 1600.

With the Answer, and Reply from

M. C. C. and her children: how to

come to Heaven: it was sayd

Thus.

2
The answer from this Survey, which is send:
of the first, for the second must appear:
What thou hast seen, and how thou hast found:
each word & thought will be presented there:
I think that is the way, which the Lord hath call:
I daily the Lord's presence into my heart:
None is exempt, all must each present call:
as David command, no man can make denial:
Now thou provide, on pain of thy damnation,
that to stand thy former will away:
Observe, that to be the first of thy salvation,
It thou in Heaven, couldst have eternal joy.

OLD A. 1600.

Printed at London by J. W. 1600.

1600.

frances rolfson
her book

A SUBPÆNA.

The Information of Iustice.



Almighty GOD,
thou Monarch of all might,
Who made the Sea, the Earth,
the Heavens and all;
Whose Molestie,
whose power is infinite:

at whose command all powers do prostrate fall:
By whom all Monarchs of the world doe raigne,
who setteth vp, and pulleth downe againe.

Iustice complaines, whereas our of thy Grace,
thou mad'st a Creature of the earthly frame,
And put him in a most delightfull place,
with all aboundance richly in the same,
Where nothing wanted to content desire,
which heart or soule for solace might require.

A Subpara.

His Will and With were loyned both in one,
his libertie was absolute in minde;
No feare of Death; for lining there was none,
he had restraint but onely in one kinde:
On paine of Death, he was forbid to tast
the *Fruite* in midd of *Paradise* was plast.

Being alone thy Maiestie thought good
to make a Woman for his more delight,
Which should be of the selfe same flesh & blood;
his consort and his comfort day and night:
But at her motion he forthwith rebelled,
and iustly was from *Paradise* expelled.

By disobedience he did thus begin
to bring Man-kind in bondage to the Deuill;
He was the first originall of sinne,
which brought in death with all succeeding euill;
That by his fall, posteritie was stayned,
both Hell and Death by disobedience, gained.

Now did he see his nakednesse and sinne,
and might detest the cause of such a fall,
He lost that state he was created in,
to bring in Death vpon himselfe and all,
He lost thy fauour being so beloved:
to cast him off in *Iustice* thou wast moued.

A Subpart.

But thou (although by so rebellious deed,
he was to death and last damnation brought)
Didst make a promise, by the *firmament* freed,
death and damnation should be ever wrought:
And what he lost by his committed crime,
both that and more, should be regain'd in time:

In the meane space, thou leftst him *Natures* law,
a *Charter* within his secret breast,
Which Conscience might keepe his flesh in awe,
in flying sinne, and following what was lost:
But weak or wilfull whether was the cause,
he flyeth out and breaketh *Natures* lawes.

A second Law thou didst by *Moses* give,
more full and which did *Natures* law expresse
But after neither of them he doth live,
his sinfull actions evermore increase:
He doth complaine and saies, thy Lawes are such
his weaknesse great, their burthen is too much.

Fulnesse of time brings in the Law of *Grace*,
the promis'd *Seed* to *Eve* was foretold,
Should cleare the guilt, and helpe all *Adams* race,
is now perform'd and what hath been in hold,
In debted thralls to death, to *He* for sinne,
Iesus frees all, and calls the reckoning in.

A Subpena.

This Law of *Grace*, which as himselfe hath said,
(the burden's light, and easie for to beare :
Who beares this yoke, was never overlaid ;
when loue beares all, and not inforced feare ;
But for this law, as all the rest he careth,
for loue or feare, the breach of neither spareth.

For heavenly ioyes thou did'st man create, (fall
Though *Lucifer* through pride from thence did
Thou would'st aduance him to that glorious state
: what Angels lost, man should attaine to all :
Where Angels fell, they had no reparation,
their fall was wilfull, and without temptation.

But man was tempted by a potent foe ;
: who most envying that an earthly wight
Should by his Maker be aduanced for
sought by all meanes with hate of malice might
To wrest him out of fauour and of grace,
: to put him from that euermlasting place.

Man that did fall through *Adams* strong temptation
him to redeeme, thou sent'st thy only Sonne,
Restoring him to fauour and saluation :
What *Adam* lost, the *Woman* seeds hath wound
Who fell not tempted, is aduinc'd to Hell:
Man is redeem'd, who by temptation fell,

Eternall

A Soliloquy

Eternall God, what should thy *benefits* be,
for to forbear this deadly sinne for
He yeelds no shew of thanks for all thy *good*
no benefits make him his sinne longer
What thou dost hang, that wicked life he followes,
as Hogs in dirt, in filthy wages he wallowes.

Thy Lawes can not his sinfull life restrain,
his care is for thy benefits but small
His life declares thy threats he holds but vaine,
his workes doe shew he loves thee not at all;
Long suffering *Mercy* makes him more true,
that he forgets that thou art also *True*.

Like as the Child cares not for Fathers threats,
words are but wind, he followes on his play;
This creature so himselfe and thee forgets,
all thou thy Rodde of *Iustice* on him lay;
In all his pleasures, from thee he doth fly,
he seekes thee not, but when he feares to die.

What is that seeking, forced by constraint,
all youthfull dayes to run it out in pleasure;
And when that Death, or sickness makes him faint,
then he seeks home ward; thou must wait his lea-
Not like to *Abel*, offering thee the best, *(thine)*
but like to *Cain*, the worst of all the rest.

A Soliloquy.

His prime of Youth, and all his golden years,
his wits and wealth, all gives to the Devil;
When feeble age draws on, with hoary Haire,
that now he begins to practise former will;
What should move him that he can see no more,
he looks to thee, who saw'st thy face before.

Canst thou in latter such presumption like,
the benefaction giue him out of Greece,
To draw him home, before thy hand would strike
to turne all in a cleane contrary case? How said
Gods Mercy passeth all his Works: (he sayeth,)
therefore yet refusing, he his sinne delayeth.

Thy Mercy is to such as doe repent;
but not to sinners, which remaine in sinne;
Who was a sinner, if he haue intent
to change his life, he may thy Mercy winne;
But who presuming, sinneth in that kind,
by *Justice*, he may neuer Mercy find.

Hee runneth too, such argumens as arise,
with him who takes in sinne so great delight,
That may giue colour to a sinfull life,
presuming thou in *Justice* wilt not smite:
A damned life doth euer more incurre,
such reasons which may further his intente.

This

A Soliloquy.

This treasure eases not that thy *Sonne* was slain,
the onely cure such paines he did abide,
To pay his debts, and bring him home againe;
wounded in hands, in heart, head, feet, and side:
Though for his sake, thy dearest *Sonne* did die,
his howrely finnes doe still him crucifie. ¶ 201

Vertues are fled and banished away,
what vertues now as all is put in vs;
All deadly finnes doe each where beate the way;
Oh great *Lebanon*, how canst thou indure?
Fulnesse of sinne doth now so much abound,
it anoyes the heauens, & ouercharge the ground.

Behold my case, O God, I may be bold
to say, my Sward and ballance are sore shaken:
Canst thou indure I should be bought and sold,
that poore mens states for bribes should be forsaken?
Descend, O God, to earth downe from the skie,
for none but thou, redresseth poore mens grie.

Who cares for poore? yet poore as deere as thee,
as is the greatest Monarch which doth reigne;
His ransome like, and Henman for him to be;
yet poverty is held in great disdain.
So did the *Glennan Lazarus* dwelle,
but now this Ioyce, and he in torment lye. ¶

Dec

A Sub.

Do they love thee, when thou thy selfe hast said,
who doest relieue and giue to the Poore,
Doth all to me, and they shall be repaid
full waight and measure, yes an hundred more?
They shew their trust and loue to thee is small,
the Poore get nothing, though thou giuest all.

Thy Creatures made for men in thy creation,
in Sea, on Land, in and about the Skies,
They all agree in making exclamation,
they still powre out for *Iustice* grievous cries:
Thou ga'st them Man, for to be rightly vsed;
but *Iustice* contrary they are all abused.

For nature's vse, Apparell is changed quite,
all is converted to excessive pride;
The Sun, the Moone, the Stars, the day, and night,
cry their abuse may be in *Iustice* tride;
Thy water & drinke, thy Gold & earthly treasure
are all abused in lust and fleshly pleasure.

Shorten the time (Almighty:) tis too long
that man runs on in wickednes and sinne;
Hasten in *Iustice* to reuenge thy wrong,
send *Death* abroad to call all sinners in;
Graunt out *Subpœnas*, let not *Drunk* make stay,
but to thy *Iudgement* bring all flesh away.

A Sub.

**A Subpæna from the
Court Imperiall.**

THE GOD of Gods,
who all the world hath wrought,
And out of Nothing,
made the worlds wide frame;
Who mans saluation by all meanes hath sought,
and by his blood hath ransomed the same:
By this *Subpæna* giueth charge to thee,
thou faile not at his *Iudgement* seat to bee,

And that thou faile not for to bring in place,
all those Records thy Conscience doth hold;
That *Chancery* can best declare thy case,
what it is now, what it hath been of old:
Of this thy charge thou mayst not make default,
for that's the day appointed for thy trial.

Faile not vpon the hope of thy saluation,
to cleare thy reckoning at that dreadfull day:
Provide thy selfe on paine of thy damnation,
to free thy charge, and answer as thou may:
Within this world thou mayst to *Almes* trust,
but I haue sworne that day I will be *Iust*.

Witnesse

A Subpense.

Witnesse my selfe, who at thy first creation,
made thee a Man; the Heavens and all for thee,
Witnesse my selfe, who to worke thy Salvation,
sent my deare Sonne, by Blood to set thee free,
Doe not refuse these Mercies, which are mine,
least Hels damnation fall out to be thine.

**The Speeches of Death, pro-
voked to execute the Subpense.**

I Am at hand (full well I know my charge) A
with all post hast Ile make a quicke dispatch
But let me have Commission at large,
then shall I frustrate many a sinfull match :
Then God by man shall not be so offended,
for with my Dart, all flesh shall soone be ended.

Ile make the proud to sleepe, for all his pride:
Ile bring the Rich for all his Gold away:
The Lecher shall not in his filth abide:
the Glutton shall not for his dainties stay:
They are now carelesse, but when I doe wound,
I terrifie the softest lines on ground.

Oh

A Subpage.

Oh how they offer to redeeme their *Soules*,
they would giue all so death would set them free;
If *Death* would be corrupted any way,
not all the world so rich as *Death* might be;
In health and youth, who value *Death* but small;
when death doth strike, to *Death* they offer all.

But what sayes *Mercie*, she doth looke as if
she would indeuour to procure my stay;
She loues me not, she holds me as a theife,
who would so soone her deareling bring away,
If she begin to speake, I know her minde,
out of her loue, she pleadeth for Man-kinde.

Mercy her speech for Man-kinde.

Great King of Heauen,
Iustice speaketh true,
Man iustly doth prouoke
thy wrath and ire;
If thou in *Iustice* shouldst pay him his due,
he hath deserued euermlasting fire;
But in this World thy *Mercie* thou hast plac'd,
whilst it indureth, to let thy *Mercie* last.

Send

A Supplication.

Send out *Servants* that I grant it fit,
to let men know they have a reckoning day,
For execution, stay thy *Iustice* yet,
their lives attend perhaps some sinners may;
Tis knowne thy *Mercy* yeelds the more content;
then *Iustice* can, if sinners would repent.

Tis not the sinners death thou do'st desire,
t'is his conversion thou hast ever sought:
If man receive for sinne a sinners hire,
it comes fro that which he himself hath wrought:
Grace and Salvation thy desire is knowne:
if Hell and Death, the sinne and fault his owne.

Respite the time, that I may doe my best,
to let men know the danger they stand in:
Thy hatred to sinne, by *Iustice* is exprest:
He try if *Love* may moove him from his sinne,
Iustice is sterne, *Seueritie* plays his part,
Mercie (perhaps) may sooner moue the heart.

The speech of Mercy to Mankind.

When all Mankind by *Adams* fall had lost
both *Paradise*, the hope of Heaven & all:

A Salutation

In those distresses, when I helped most;
I promised vpon that grieuous fall,
In time a *Fruit* should spring from *Womans* fall,
Should clear the guilt, and chace all *Adams* ill.

What I did promise, I performed truly,
the precious choice I tooke for mankinde take
Gods dearest *Sonne*, who did performe it duely,
for mans saluation, did mans Nature take,
And by his Passion, whereas man was thrall
to Death and Hell, he freed him out of all.

Iustice doth now as ever heretofore,
call on that sinners may receive their due;
And I indeavour now as evermore,
for mans repentance, and Saluation sue:
At *Mercies* sute, God ever granteth *Grace*,
and for repentance giueth sinners space.

O that I might make sute, with that successe
to mortall men, as when I doe to God;
That they would yeeld to me that readinesse,
to flie the danger of his heauie rod:
I euer found God ready vpon mi fall,
why then should man giue *Mercies* sute deniall?
I sue not for my selfe, but for thy gaine;

A Supper.

to make them heires of Heauen & those loyes:
He shew them how they may thereto attaine,
and reasons why so they all worldly toyes,
If Man will put when I direct in eve,
of Heauenly blisse and loyes he shall be sure.

The true state of a Sinner.

First let me shew what is his grievous state,
who doth in sinne, and sinfull life delight:
Which miserie may force a man to hate
the causes which doe worke that wofull plight:
What mischiefe more, then live in feare and greife,
when heauen or earth can yeeld him no reliefe?

If to the Heavens he dare lift vp his eyes,
his hate & soule with trembling feare do grudge
His Bird in breast most heauie on him lyes,
and tells him thence he must look for his Iudges
Whose terrour is to all which raine astray,
most dreadfull is the maine tribunall day.

If be the World and all her creatures view
upon the earth which creepe, that flie, or swim,
Their thought & sight will make his heart to rue,
that all were made for him, abus'd by him,

No,

A Solace.

No thought that is, will sinners more dismay,
than things abused, at their dying day.

The Vsurer how is he rackt with Gold
when he is dying, gasping out his breath;
What torments hath the Leecher to behold
faire Domes, when he is yielding up his death?
In life, what did delight the sinners chiefe,
at Death, doth force the greatest weale and griefe.

To heare of Death, the sinners hart doth shrinke,
the day of Doome doth rent his soule in twaine
Tis terrible as eill to minde, and thinke
how Death and Iudgement haile to him againe
No day nor night the sinner findeth quiet
a spotted soule and conscience doth deny it.

Those blacke Records within the dismall booke,
fast lockt within the closet of the Breast,
When as the sinners thereupon doth looke,
with feares and terrours then is he opprest:
In all the world no torment, griefe, or paine,
are like the thoughts which doe the conscience

These are the foes which inwardly doe dwell
which sinners doe about them eues beare,
Who shall torment them in their inward Hell.

A Subjane.

racking and rending of them every where,
When others laugh they make a pleasant show,
with face dissembling in the inward woe.

Let mortall men consider in this case,
thinke of the time they are so tarry here;
Behold the Sonne how swift he runs his race;
so doe mans daies, their death approacheth neere;
Forsaie not Heaven for the flowers of May,
what are they worth once withered away?

Let man consider in his Conscience this,
when he hath rashly done some deadly sinne,
And comes to thinke that he hath done amisse,
what gresse of mind he forthwith falleth in;
But when the time of doing good is spent,
those thoughts doe yeeld him ioy & all content.

Man was provided for eternall ioyes,
his proper Country is with God above;
Why should he dote vpon these worldly toyes?
what is the gaine of all this worldly loue?
A Conscience cloyd, and naked sent away,
a sore accuser at the latter day.

Consider on the worke of thy Creation,
how farre thou art in debt to God therefore,
Then

A Supplication,

Then thinke vpon the worke of thy Redemption,
in which thy debt is multiplied more;
Let these two things thy heart & conscience more
urge not his wrath who thou art bound to loue.

When wicked thoughts, or motions breeding sin
within thy heart temptations doe inflame:

When that thine innerst Reason doth begin
to yeeld consent to sinne the sinne;

Then haue recourse to meditation on this,
and hardly thou shalt dare to doe amisse.

—————

A daily Meditation, which

Mercy offereth to Man-kind.

The day of Death.

Thinke now thou lyest on thy dying bed,
thy heart, thy head, thy Senses all doe faile,
Striving for life, each member gaspily spred,
trembling as death, which makes so fierce auaile:
If at Deaths houre, thy sinnes thou dost desire,
thou darst not live, in state thou darst not die.

A Subpoint. 73

Think furthermore thou hast all worldly pleasure,
and every thing which may the flesh delight:
Suppose thou hast thy fill of worldly treasure,
what is all worth, while death shall claim his right:
What was once sweet, is turned now to sowre,
the case quite altered in this dreadfull time.

For now those things that were thy harts content
thy wealth and pleasure, force thy bitter we:
With trembling conscience, now thou dost repent
the day, the nature, thou didst abuse them so.

The Iudgement day.

THinke furthermore,
thou heardst the dreadfull sound,
The Trumpet calling of the dead to rise:
And all the world of flaming fire sound,
the Iudge appearing dreadfull in the skies:
Aske now thy conscience, durst it in bad thought
on wicked life before that state be brought.

If that thy conscience tremble for to thinke
vpon the terrour of that dreadfull day:
If that Tribunall make thy heart to shrink,

A Salutation

let this thought drive sinfull thoughts away
And dare not doe those wicked actions here
in which thou darst not at that day appeare.

Consider thou who now in health dost live,
the day of death, & dreadfull houre will come;
Of all thy debts thou must a reckoning giue,
thou canst not void this dreadful day of doom!
No wit, no wealth, no beauty, force, nor strength,
but must come to this Iudgement at the length.

The paines of Hell.

THe paines of Hell they must indured be,
most infinite for torment and for date;
For sinne is wrought gainst infinite degree,
gainst God whose power exceeds all estimate:
When infinite that God-head is offended,
those paines in *Justice*, never shall be ended.

Eternall torments correspond the Will:
shouldst thou live ever, thou wouldst ever sin:
Thou iustly then deservest torments still,
who would still run that course thou lusst in?
Eternall torments iustly doe agree,
where Will and Sinne would both eternall be.

A Soliloquy.

No thought, no tongue, can comprehend or tell
what are the torments of that damned Place.
The plagues, the scourges, tortures are in Hail,
which *Iudas* doth provide for sinners hire.
A ruffall mayst, when damned Soules forlorne,
saye euer, woe this howre will were borne.

The Ioyes of Heaven.

THinke what it is to come to heavenly blisse;
to live with God, where Saints & angels dwell
Those glorious ioyes which God provides for his
choyce, no heart, no tongue, can comprehend or tell:
No eare hath heard, or eye did ever see
the heavenly blisse, or ioyes of that degree.

Where Maiestie so infinite excelleth,
hath all abundance Maiestie may haue;
Where the omnipotent in glorie dwelleth,
with those elect whom *Iesus* blood did saue,
All ioyes must be still flowing in that place,
where Saints behold the glory of his face.

These heavenly ioyes are certaine, without date,
Old age renewes to youth without decayings;
Eternall health and treasures without rate:

A Subpara.

no feare of croffe or trouble over-wyldinge.
Who would doe on the worldly pleasures so,
for love of them to let the Heavensly goe?

Loe herre's the end of every mortall man,
which he comes to at first or at the last;
There's no avoydance since the world began;
Time flies away, and Death approacheth fast;
Consider then of things that shall endure,
take *Asterisks* offer, and thy Soule is sure.

The young men sales, these are too grave for me;
the old men sales, these thoughts do charge me
To please their humors each of these agree, I fore
to fligh them off, and shinke of them as weary,
Shift as they will and let them take their pleasure;
but let them knowe Death shall have no mans leasing.

The End of the World
The World is but a stage,
Where every man must play
Some part, some time to see,
And then to leave the stage.
The World is but a stage,
Where every man must play
Some part, some time to see,
And then to leave the stage.

FINIS.

Crossed

*Confess to prepare our souls to receive to
God, before the day of our death; for
after death there is no repentance.*

If you love God, or feare you Hells damnation;
O then repent, before the time no more:
Here in this life you may obtain salvation;
now seek, O seek, for heavenly joyes there.
After that Death shal take away both taken, (long
none can repent the time is then too late)
Duly therefore let sinnes away be shaken,
and sinners shal fall from wicked sinners. Heere
Each day weighen you woe the time doth know
when Death will be indigne indigne: for hee will find
You doe thinke this is the time to repent
But the time is now now is the time
The time is now now is the time

The Book to the Reader.

THis debt is due vpon Doomes day,
which you are summoned to pay:
Wherefore my Author well content,
because he warnes you to repent:
Repentance true God doth require,
it keepes you from eternall fire.

FINIS.

Ueneranda Senis.